





Girling



Currie



Geddes



McKenzie



Hart



Macdonald



Davis



Mitchell

# Canadian Heroes

OF  
MISSION  
FIELDS  
OVERSEAS

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A BOOK FOR BOYS

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by  
ARCHER WALLACE



A.N. WALLACE, ARCHER.  
(1586)

# CANADIAN HEROES

OF

## MISSION FIELDS OVERSEAS

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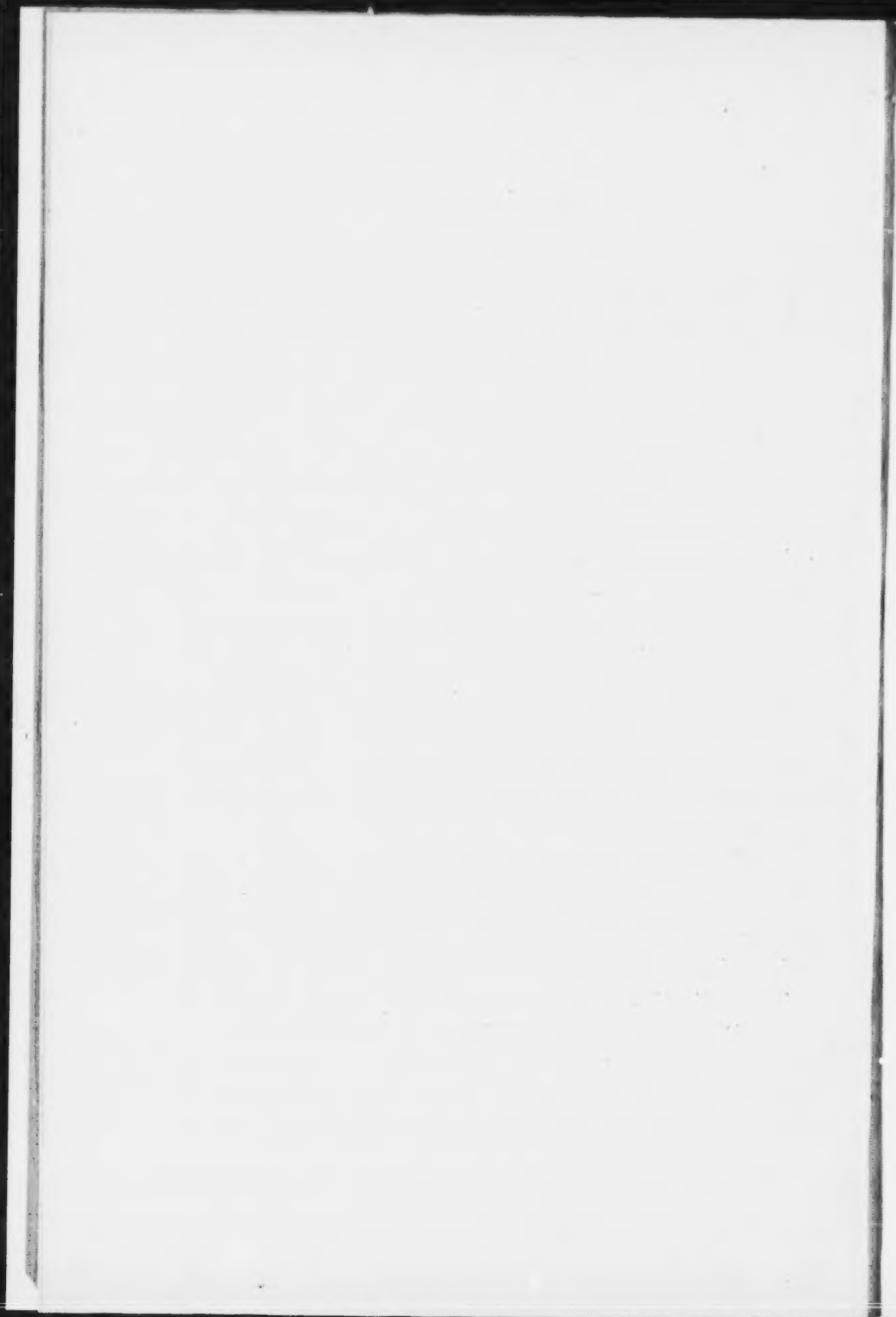
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## Foreword

"CANADIAN Heroes of Mission Fields Overseas," as the title indicates, tells the story of eight of the noble band of Canadian men and women who, braving hardships and perils, have gone forth to other lands, there to make known the Gospel of God's love. The eight "heroes" chosen are from eight different mission fields and represent the various Canadian Mission Boards.

The book is one in a graded series issued by the Canadian Mission Boards co-operatively, the other books in the series being "Canada's Share in World Tasks," a book for adults and young people, and "Talks on the Maple Leaf in Many Lands," for leaders of juniors.

"Canadian Heroes" has been prepared in the belief that nowhere more than in the mission field can there be found material that will appeal to the instinct for hero worship which marks the boys and girls of the teen age, and that acquaintance with these heroes will not only help in creating a missionary interest, but will have a strong influence in the development of Christian character.



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# I

## Among South Sea Savages

JOHN GEDDIE

**J**UST a few weeks before the Battle of Waterloo, there was born in Banff, Scotland, a very delicate child, so delicate indeed, that for many weeks after his birth it seemed unlikely that he would live. The father and mother pleaded that their little son might be spared to them, and vowed that, if he were and the way opened up, they would dedicate him to the service of God among the heathen.

The father, who was a clockmaker, met with reverses in business following the war, and in 1816 the family moved to Pictou, Nova Scotia. There the boyhood of John Geddie was spent. He was so small of stature as to be known among the boys as "Little Johnnie Geddie." He never shone in his classes, nor was he known as a leader in sport or debate. But underneath his quiet manner was a strong determination to carry through what-

ever he undertook and an absolute sincerity that no one ever questioned.

He attended Pictou Academy, and in 1837, at the age of 21, was ordained a Presbyterian minister. Before this, however, he had decided to devote his life to making Christ known in lands beyond the seas. At that time, however, his Church had no mission in any foreign land and possessed but little interest in the enterprise. With quiet determination he set himself to the task of arousing an interest and he succeeded. When the decision was reached to establish a work in the New Hebrides, Geddie was appointed the first missionary.

It required no small amount of courage to undertake, seventy-five years ago, such an ocean trip as Mr. and Mrs. Geddie did when, on November 30th, 1846, they left Halifax. Eight days were occupied by the passage to Boston, where they had expected to find a whaler bound for the Sandwich Islands. In this they were disappointed, and they had to be content with securing passage in a small vessel of one hundred and ninety-seven tons. The voyage lasted more than a year and was marked by strange and varied experiences. Several times it seemed as if they would never

reach their destination. On one occasion the vessel sprung a leak, and the pumps had to be worked every few minutes. The supply of food became exhausted, and they had to live on very scant allowance. At last, after nineteen months of hardship, they arrived at the Island of Aneityum, in the New Hebrides, which was to be their home for many years.

During the long journey Geddie kept a diary of events. In it, we find vivid accounts of the privations encountered and of the severe storms that threatened the little boat and all on board. It is full of his anticipations of the work to which he was going, and of references to the many acts of service he was able to render to those on the ship. But in the whole diary there is not one word of complaint.

At daybreak, on the morning of July 13th, 1848, Aneityum was sighted, appearing at first like a tiny speck upon the horizon. In the early afternoon, the boat came to anchor in a beautiful harbor on the south side of the island—an island that was to be the scene of one of the most thrilling stories that has ever been written of the power of the gospel of Jesus.

Aneityum is one of a group of islands which

Captain Cook, the famous navigator, on account of their likeness to the islands bearing a similar name in the north of Scotland, called the New Hebrides. To begin work among such a people as found their homes in these islands demanded noble courage. Not far from Aneityum was the blood-stained island of Erromanga, where the heroic missionary John Williams and his companion Harris were clubbed to death by the ferocious cannibals as they stepped on that beach just nine years before. This tragic event must have been vividly in Geddie's mind as they drew near the shore.

The natives of the island were degraded savages. They had curly hair, dark skin and forbidding features. Crimes of all descriptions were of constant occurrence. In their thirst for blood the Aneiteumese were almost inhuman. Falsehood abounded, theft was considered honorable, licentiousness prevailed everywhere. There was no thought of love. War was continuous. A member of one tribe dared not venture beyond the confines of his territory or he would be instantly killed. A man was never seen without his club and spear. In the museum at Knox College, Toronto, are specimens of their savage weapons.

All victims, killed or captured, were considered the lawful food of the victors. Nothing was so sweet to them as human flesh. Woe to the unfortunate shipwrecked sailors who fell into their hands, and many a ship's crew had been savagely devoured by these cannibals of the Pacific Islands.

The state of women was most wretched. Brutality was their daily wage. The awful habit of strangling the widow on the death of her husband was firmly rooted among these people. Every woman wore round her neck a stout cord, so arranged that by pulling it strangulation was effected. Infants had no rights and might be put to death whenever the father so wished.

White people had landed on the islands, but these were generally sandalwood traders from Australia, of whose treachery and deception fearful accounts were given. So brutal had these traders been in their treatment of the natives, that, on some of the islands, there was a standing rule to kill every white man who landed.

Very little notice was taken of the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Geddie. The natives did not understand their behavior. They carried no firearms, lived in peace and did not steal their

wood. While the missionary's words were strange, they readily understood his language of kindness. At first there was a good deal of curiosity. Some were friendly but the most were indifferent.

Mr. Geddie's first task, after building his house, was to become acquainted with the tribes on the island. For this purpose, he first visited, with an interpreter, a neighboring village; then made a trip around the shores of the island. Everywhere he went he was greatly impressed with the beautiful scenery, in striking contrast with the terrible depravity of the people.

All the time he was busy getting the language, which he had to gather word by word. The natives were crafty and suspicious, and, as they would not give him a single new word without some sort of payment, he carried biscuits in his pockets which he gave in exchange for the strange sounds.

In his journal, Geddie has given us some idea of the busy life he led. "Besides preaching every Sabbath day in our little chapel, Mr. Powell and I are accustomed to go out in different directions, and preach to the people wherever we can find them. This is a deeply interesting part of our work. When we see

a native at his work or amusement, we request him to follow us until a little group is collected. Sometimes we collect five or six, sometimes ten, twenty, or thirty. Then we sit down under the shade of a tree, or by the side of a path, or by the seashore, and tell them as best we can of sin and a Saviour from it. Some will laugh, others look serious, some will amuse themselves so as not to hear, and some will turn away in anger."

For a considerable time he was allowed to do his work without any hindrance, then suddenly indifference was turned to hostility. He had unintentionally offended some of the spirits by cutting some cocoanuts that had been dedicated to their gods. He had burnt coral for lime. He had built his house on the path of the spirit gods. For a time it looked as though the missionary's life was in danger, but Geddie pleaded ignorance of their religious customs. By his calm dignity he was able to quiet the disturbance and re-establish peace.

On one occasion there was to be a bitter fight between two of the tribes. Natives came pouring into the village from all quarters, armed with clubs and spears. Mr. Geddie and his helper, Mr. Powell, resolved to

prevent the battle if possible. Setting out for the place where the fight was to occur, they found the two tribes occupying points about half a mile apart. Already they were yelling and screaming at each other, throwing their bodies into various postures and assuming all the attitudes of challenge and defiance, which were their preliminaries of battle.

The missionaries knew that, in seeking to prevent the conflict, they were in serious danger of being instantly killed. They accordingly took a circuitous route, and suddenly appeared upon the brow of a hill, midway between the contending parties. Their presence had a paralyzing effect. Mr. Geddie approached Nohoat, the originator of the war, and strongly remonstrated with him. While he was undecided what to do, the leader of the opposite party came to him and said: "Why don't you come on? We are ready to fight you." "How can I?" asked Nohoat, "the new religion makes it wrong to fight." He then handed his spear and a strip of native cloth to the other and received his in return. In this way, what would have been a bloody war, involving all the inhabitants of the island, was averted.

At the end of the first year, Mr. Powell,

Geddie's associate, becoming utterly discouraged, returned to Samoa, and Mr. and Mrs. Geddie were left alone on this savage island, fifteen hundred miles from their nearest missionary neighbors. Imagine the situation and the heroism of this brave man and his noble wife! Nearly three years passed after leaving home before they received any letters, and three long, dreary years before anyone came to share their labors, and yet, through it all, not a single word of discouragement or of leaving ever fell from the lips of Geddie or his faithful wife.

Every day there was a school session and several boys began to attend regularly. Notwithstanding the indifference of the parents, a class was gradually formed, and the boys made slow but sure progress. A small printing press was set up and a twelve-page pamphlet published.

It must not be supposed that the little band of Christians, which now began to grow in numbers, was allowed to go unmolested. Kapaio, a brother of the chief of the district, a man who had been notorious for his wickedness, had opposed the work from the beginning, and had persecuted the native Christians bitterly in many ways. This savage

determined that he would murder the missionary. For several months he awaited his opportunity. One evening he lay concealed near Mr. Geddie's home until the missionary came out. Then he followed him down the path, so close that he could almost touch him with his hand. At last, thinking his opportunity had come, and that with one good strong blow the deed would be done, he grasped his heavy club, raised it in the air intending to strike, when suddenly his arm became weak, a strange sensation came over him and he could not strike. Thus, in this strange way was Geddie's life spared and the savage himself mightily impressed.

Soon after this, to the amazement of everybody, Kapaio came to Mr. Geddie and asked for Christian instruction. The Christians were greatly encouraged and Mr. Geddie himself greatly cheered by this striking evidence of God's working. The savages who were opposed to Christianity, alarmed at the conversion of Kapaio, renewed their persecution of the Christians. Their clothing was stolen, their plantations destroyed, they were reviled and threatened with death. If an epidemic of sickness broke out, the report was spread that the heathen deities were offended by the

Christian converts and so were sending disease. Geddie himself was continually shadowed by would-be murderers, arrows were thrown at him, and he could not go beyond his compound in safety.

White traders from Australia also bitterly opposed the work. They realized that the gospel interfered with the carrying on of their sinful practices. Consequently their fierce hatred was aroused. One calm night Mr. Geddie was awakened to find that the thatch roof of his house was on fire. Hastily rescuing his wife and children, he sought with the help of the natives to save the church. Investigation proved, all too clearly, that some white traders had bribed a number of savages to do this fiendish act. But in spite of hatred and opposition, the work went on until, at the end of the fourth year, nearly one-half the population of the entire island of Aneityum had accepted the gospel. When, after an absence of two years and eight months, the mission ship returned to the island, all on board were amazed at the wonderful change which had been brought about as the result of the labors of Mr. Geddie and his wife.

In 1864, after nearly sixteen years of heroic service, they returned to Nova Scotia for a

brief furlough. Two busy years were spent in telling the wonderful story of Aneityum to the people at home. In 1866, they returned again to their New Hebrides home. Their return to Aneityum was the occasion of a great demonstration. When the ship was sighted in the distance, great crowds gathered on the shore. They were taken from the ship in a small boat which, as soon as it touched the beach, was raised on the shoulders of several men and carried, amid wild acclaim, to the gate of their home. A strange and happy contrast to their first landing among naked, painted and armed savages! What a change the gospel had wrought!

Mr. and Mrs. Geddie resumed their work, but six years later, in 1872, Mr. Geddie was stricken with paralysis, and, in his fifty-eighth year, passed to his reward. Could anyone covet a nobler epitaph, or a greater return for a life invested, than that recorded on the tablet behind the pulpit in the native church at Aneityum: "When he landed on Aneityum in 1848 there were no Christians: when he left in 1872 there were no heathen."

## II

### A Foundation Builder in West China

VIRGIL C. HART

**E**VEN as a small boy Virgil C. Hart was pure grit right through. He had only entered his teens when he made up his mind he would be a missionary. His father was strongly opposed, but Virgil had heard the call of God and was determined that a missionary he would be.

By picking and selling beechnuts for ten cents a quart, he earned enough money to buy his first Greek grammar; by chopping one hundred and eighty cords of wood for a neighboring farmer, he secured sufficient funds to begin a four years' course in Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary; and, later, by renting an acre of land in Evanston, Illinois, and selling the vegetables that he grew upon it, he was able to pay his way through college, from which he graduated in 1865.

By this time several prominent persons had their eyes on the young preacher. A commit-

tee from his Alma Mater waited upon him and offered him a splendid position on the college staff, as teacher of Greek and Hebrew. It was a tempting offer, and most men would have jumped at the chance. Not so Virgil Hart. He did not hesitate for an instant. He thanked the college authorities for their flattering invitation, but told them that his mind was made up once and for all. He had answered God's call to go to China, and never for a moment did he doubt the wisdom of that choice.

On the morning of December 20th, 1862, Mr. Hart and his bride, together with several other missionaries, set sail for the Far East. It was a long journey. Not until the following May did Mr. Hart reach Foochow, a Chinese city, with a population of nearly a million, which was to be his first field of labor.

One of the hardest tasks awaiting the missionary on his arrival in China is that of learning what is perhaps the most difficult language in the world to acquire. A man needs not only lots of brains but a large amount of "stick-to-itiveness," or he will soon give up in despair. A very slight change in tone will give an altogether different meaning to a word.

A missionary one day came into his courtyard and called to his "boy" (Chinese servant) at the upstairs window: "Throw down my flag." The boy made some answer but did not move. Again came the command: "Throw down my flag, do you hear me?" The boy turned in despair to the missionary's wife who was near, and said: "He wants me to throw you down into the courtyard." By a very slight mistake in pronunciation, the missionary was using the word "wife" instead of "flag." Virgil Hart, however, proved himself an apt student of the language, for in less than one year from the time of his arrival, he was able to preach to the natives in their own language, and very rarely did he make a mistake.

Like other missionaries he had to face much bitter prejudice in Foochow and undergo a great deal of persecution. When he opened a school for children, all kinds of rumours were set afloat. It was reported that the children were severely flogged, that their eyes were pulled out, and many other foolish stories were circulated, all calculated to stir up trouble. Frequently, when passing along the street, men would shout insulting things after him, roughs would jostle him or

his coolies, and in many such ways try to start a quarrel. Sometimes when he was preaching in the open air, or distributing tracts, someone would start the cry, "Whip the foreigner," or "Kill the foreign devil." This cry would act upon the people like tinder upon matchwood, and soon the whole crowd would be changed from the attentive listeners into a wild, shrieking, gesticulating and dangerous mob. Sticks and stones would begin to fly, and Mr. Hart and his helpers would consider themselves fortunate if they got away with only a few bruises and hard knocks.

But our missionary was no coward. He was of the stuff of which heroes are made, and, very soon, the Chinese began to realize this. He never ran away. Often he would face the threatening mob and reason with them until he was able to turn the laugh upon the ringleaders. More than once he kept a whole crowd at bay with his cane, while he backed into a place of safety. He was accustomed, after having been molested by a crowd, to return to the very spot where the trouble had occurred, and thus show the Chinese that he was not a coward. Courage is everywhere admired, and this splendid fearlessness did much in enabling him to win

the respect, and even the admiration, of those who were seeking to persecute him.

The many journeys that it was necessary for our missionary to make were by no means holiday jaunts. Sometimes he travelled by sedan chair. This, to a man as active as he was, became extremely monotonous. At other times he rode in a wheelbarrow. Frequently, however, he chose walking to either of these modes of travel. When night came, he had to seek shelter in a Chinese inn, where, on account of the filth and vermin inside and the street noises and incessant chatter of the people outside, he used to pray that his sleep would be sound. Often the people in the inn would be much excited at having a "foreigner" there, and would inquisitively peek through the cracks in the door or partition to catch a glimpse of the "foreign devil."

Once, at Chengtu, he was staying at an hotel, which had the reputation of being the best in the city. The apartments, however, were so foul that he sent for a load of lime to sprinkle over the floors, and a load of mud to plaster over the rat holes. Some time before, the British Consular-General had stayed there, probably in the same apartments.

Written on the wall he found these interesting lines:

" Within this room you'll find the rats.  
At least a goodly score;  
Three catties each they're bound to weigh.  
Or e'en a little more.

" At night you'll find a myriad bugs  
That smell, and crawl and bite;  
If doubtful of the truth of this,  
Get up and strike a light."

One of the many evils with which the missionary had to contend was the terrible use of opium by the Chinese. This is how he described its effect upon the people: "The sallow complexion of the people, their emaciated forms and languid movements, attract our attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy cheek; a dead leaden color is in all faces, old and young, male and female. Upon the mountain sides are hundreds of laborers; approach these men and you will see the death-like pallor upon their faces. There is plenty of food and of excellent quality in China. . . Yet there is a want of energy and life among the people." This wretched condition was

due to the opium habit, to which millions of Chinese are slaves.

Virgil Hart's furloughs to the home land were by no means resting periods. He was too active and his enthusiasm too great to permit him to take even the rest which he really required. His return from furlough in 1882 was marked by a most interesting welcome. His old friend and tutor, Tai Sien Sen, gave, in his honor, a typical Chinese feast.

A typical Chinese feast—what kind of a feast is that? Well, just think of the biggest thanksgiving dinner you ever had; then multiply that by three or four, and you will have some idea of the feast prepared in honor of Mr. Hart by his Chinese friend. On this particular occasion there was a duck apiece, then chicken soup, fish and mushrooms, boiled eggs, rice, chickens and mushrooms, bread, rock candy, dates, oranges, persimmons, tea, et cetera, et cetera. The one trouble is that at such a feast the guest is expected to partake of everything, otherwise the host may be offended.

When, in 1891, the Methodist Church of Canada decided to open up work in China, Dr. Hart, who was then home on furlough, and who, up to that time, had been under the

Methodist Episcopal Board of the United States, was asked for his advice as to the best location. He strongly recommended Szechwan, a large province in Western China. The Missionary Board accepted his counsel and invited him to assume the leadership of the work in China. He accepted, and with the same boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy that had ever marked him, began the important work of laying the foundations of the Canadian Methodist Mission in West China.

Then came the famous riots of 1895. For some time there had been a growing spirit of hostility to the foreigners, but the missionaries had not realized the extent to which fanaticism in China could go, and so when news was brought to Dr. Hart that every mission house in Chengtu had been destroyed and that the missionaries were in extreme danger, it came as a bolt from the blue.

True, Dr. Hart and others had noticed the hostile spirit displayed by many towards foreigners. Scurrilous remarks were uttered as they passed along the streets. So frequent and pronounced were these manifestations of ill-will that the ladies were afraid to walk upon the streets alone, and when obliged to

leave their compounds always went in closed chairs.

The officials were appealed to, but they ignored whatever requests the missionaries made. On the second day of the riots in Chengtu, an official actually issued the following statement:

"At the present time we have ample evidence that foreigners deceive and kidnap small children. You soldiers and people must not be disturbed and hurried. When the cases are brought before us we certainly will not be lenient with them."

Was it any wonder when officials took this attitude that the mob became unmanageable, and that much bloodshed and loss of valuable property resulted?

Those were trying days for the missionaries and testing times for the Christian Church in West China. The magnificent loyalty to Christ of the native Christians was one of the amazing things of those months of bitter persecution. Since that time there has never been a question as to the sincerity and fidelity of the native Church. Nor was the heroism of the missionaries less manifest. Think of the heroism expressed in the simple words written by Dr. Hart, just after the

fearful riots were over: "I feel thankful to live to see this day, and somehow feel that we have done our best year's work in 1895."

The closing years of the nineteenth century were years of great activity for this foundation builder. He was enabled to realize his long cherished ambition of establishing a printing press—the first in West China—a department of missionary work which he regarded as one of the very greatest agencies for making known the Gospel.

In 1900, Dr. Hart was ordered home by his physician. He had given himself with such untiring zeal and restless energy to the work that he was literally "worn out." Frail and weak though he was during those closing four years of his life spent at Burlington, Ontario, his presence carried always an irresistible influence for his loved China.

On February 24th, 1904, the last call came, and our hero of West China met it with the same glad response with which he had met all previous calls.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, England, is a well-known tablet, placed there in memory of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, which bears this inscription, in Latin: "If you wish to see his monument, look

around." The monument to Virgil Hart is to be found in the West China Mission with its splendid equipment, its present staff of nearly two hundred missionaries and its Christian constituency which now numbers upwards of ten thousand, of which Mission he was the foundation builder.



### III

## The Leper Hero of South India

JOHN E. DAVIS

A NUMBER of students were playing football on the campus of a college in Winnipeg. It was the fall of 1885. Among them was a big fellow who played a very rough game, repeatedly tripping and kicking some of the men. Several protests were made, of which, however, he took no heed, but continued his rough play. Suddenly the ball dropped between him and a member of the opposing team. Both men rushed for it, but the rough player was not quick enough and his opponent got it. Not to be beaten, however, the big fellow fouled the other player, tripping him and then pushing him down. For a moment the smaller man lost his temper, and, seizing the bully, threw him to the ground, much to the delight of the other players and the spectators.

After the game was over, the smaller man, who was a recognized leader in all that stood

for what was best in the college life, feeling ashamed of himself for such a display of anger, went to the big fellow and expressed his regret at the whole incident, especially that he had so far forgotten himself as to lose his temper. They shook hands and walked off the field together.

The smaller of the two men was John E. Davis. He was born in the county of Northumberland, Ontario, in 1858. His early days were spent on the farm, where the hard work and the outdoor life helped to develop a constitution that meant much to him in later life. He became quite a noted wrestler, and few young fellows of his own age cared to tackle him.

When he was fifteen he made his great life decision and, with twenty-four others, was baptized and received into the membership of the Haldimand Baptist Church. Having decided to give his life to the Christian ministry he began the work of preparation, entering Manitoba College, from which he graduated in the spring of 1886, winning the silver medal in Metaphysics.

On the morning of September 10th, 1887, with his young wife, John Davis embarked at New York on the White Star Liner *Arabia*

for India, convinced that there lay the service to which God was calling him.

As there were several missionaries on board the voyage was not without its profit as well as its pleasures. One day a tug-of-war was arranged, and Davis was chosen captain of one team. A number of coffee planters were among the passengers—big, strong, husky fellows. The captain of the opposing team, being acquainted with these men, chose them for his side. Davis' team, on which were three missionaries, was not nearly so strong. When the captain of the ship saw how unequal the two sides looked, he wished to make some changes, but Davis would not consent. The tug-of-war began. The big fellows got off to a good start. They seemed to be pulling the missionary team over and at once began shouting excitedly. But they were shouting too early, for soon the tide turned, and the missionary team pulled the planters clean along the deck, winning the contest easily. The spectators at first were astonished, but it was soon explained. The big fellows had been drinking liquor and consequently were unsteady. From that day forward the missionaries had the respect of everybody on board.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis arrived at Cocanada on November 12th, 1887, and immediately began the study of the language. The task was not an easy one, but Davis was an eager student and made rapid progress. Before long he was able to put sentences together and soon after had the joy of being able to preach to the natives in their own tongue.

Owing to the scarcity of workers in the mission at that time, the field to which he was assigned, and which he carried for two years was a particularly heavy one, comprising what is now five fields. It had a population of over five hundred and fifty thousand—more than the entire population of Toronto—and these were scattered over an area of nearly fourteen hundred square miles.

Imagine if you can, the task that was his! His ordinary means of conveyance was the oxcart, a rough, clumsy, springless, two-wheeled vehicle, which with good oxen, *might* make an average speed of two miles an hour. The Christians were widely scattered. There was the opposition of the Brahmin priests and the many trying experiences incidental to missionary work in India. Of these he has given us a glimpse in a description of one of his early tours: "The cholera was raging, four or

five a day were dying in almost every village we visited, the stench of the burning dead was in our nostrils, the wailing of the bereaved ones sounded in our ears." Yet, in spite of all, the records show the number of baptisms for his first year to have been no less than one hundred and eighty-nine.

Of the many features of Hindu life which show the need of the Gospel in that land, two made very special appeal to him—one was the number of gods they worshipped and the other was their system of caste. Every village had, not simply its god, but many gods. There was the snake god and the monkey god, the cholera goddess and the smallpox goddess. And all of these must be duly worshipped or some dire calamity would befall the people. On one occasion he was shown a tomb where the wife of an English officer was buried. This woman had been very kind to the native women during a famine. After her death, the women regarded her as a goddess and worshipped at her tomb. It was characteristic of Davis that, in place of being impatient or discouraged in the presence of such superstitious idolatry, he saw in it the expression of the spirit of worship in a people who were

groping blindly in the dark after God, and it roused in him a great desire to help them.

The caste system of India was to him, as to all missionaries in that land, one of the most serious hindrances to the work. By this system, Hindu society is divided into different classes or castes, and these are hedged about by the strictest caste laws, the breaking of which constitutes the most awful sin, attached to which are the most terrible penalties. The members of these castes may not eat together. They may not intermarry. The shadow of the low caste man falling on the man of high caste will defile him. When the Hindu becomes a Christian, it is no easy matter to lose, all at once, this caste feeling, and yet there can be no compromise. The Communion Service, itself, demands from the converts that which constitutes one of the greatest breaches of caste law—the eating with noncastes and outcastes.

After nine years of strenuous service, Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned to Canada for their first furlough. In the fall of 1897, Davis was back in India and at the work he loved, with an even greater enthusiasm and meeting with even larger results in his work.

It was during this second term that, in

some mysterious way, Mr. Davis contracted the dreadful disease that finally resulted in his death. The large number of lepers on his field, with their rotted limbs and loathsome sores, for whom nothing whatever was being done, appealed strongly to him. When the lady missionary at his station made the alarming discovery that the servant, who was bringing her water and washing her dishes, was a leper, it was Davis who suggested to her the starting of an asylum for their relief. From that suggestion has grown a very remarkable work. To-day, at that station, two leper homes, splendidly equipped, with a qualified doctor in charge, are caring for one hundred and eighty-eight of these unfortunates. It was Davis who superintended the erection of several of the earlier buildings.

In the spring of 1903 the shadow of disease fell upon him. In spite of occasional rests, he became weaker and was ordered home by the doctors to Canada.

The closing years of Mr. Davis' life tell a story of heroism second to none. The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" speaks of three types of courage. One is that of a man who in the excitement of battle rushes up and captures the opposing battery. Another, and

higher type, is that of a man who when taken unawares, does the heroic thing. But the highest type of all is that of one who, through long years of testing struggle and trying temptation, refuses to lower his colors. It was this last type of courage which marked Mr. Davis as a magnificent hero.

Then followed twelve years of a "living death," the closing seven of which were passed in the leper asylum at Tracadie, on the grey, bleak, gulf-shore of the St. Lawrence, in Northern New Brunswick. But neither surroundings nor disease could daunt his heroic soul. Friends, who went to cheer him, came away themselves cheered and feeling they had been in the very presence of God.

On May 6th, 1916, there was laid to rest in the cemetery of the little village of Wicklow, where he had spent his boyhood days, the body of one whom we may well honor as "the Leper Hero of South India."

## IV

### Among the Copper Eskimos of the Arctic

HERBERT GIRLING

ON Sunday, October 10th, 1916, two men, Rev. Herbert Girling and an Eskimo named Paochina, together with their three splendid dogs, Nakalena, Hynke, and Sport, toiled wearily along the ice of the great Northland. Some years before, the explorer Stefansson had reported that there was a tribe of "Blonde Eskimos" at Coronation Gulf, on the Arctic Sound, one thousand miles east of Herschel Island, which latter place was itself regarded as "the most northerly inhabited spot in the British Dominions, and perhaps the most inaccessible."

It was to reach these hitherto unknown people that Girling, a missionary of the Anglican Church, had undertaken the long and perilous trip. A previous attempt had been made, but the expedition, after suffering many hardships, had been compelled to turn back in order to escape starvation.

Eleven weeks had elapsed since Girling and three others, leaving Fort MacPherson, had set out for the "farthest north." During the first part of the journey they sailed on a tiny baby schooner of ten tons, named the *At-koon*. For many weeks the little boat fought its way amid ice-floes, ever creeping further north. Sometimes it seemed as if the mountainous waves would entirely swamp the little craft, which looked like a tiny speck upon the water. Several times the crew prepared for what seemed certain death, but out of their perils they were delivered, and on September 16th they beached the little vessel at a place named Clifton Point. In the pitch darkness, on an unknown shore, with snow falling heavily and cold breakers drenching them, they unloaded their two-year outfit. Here they erected their winter house.

Two helpers, Mr. Hoare and Mr. Merrett, remained at this camp to complete the hastily erected house, haul wood and generally prepare for winter, while Mr. Girling and Pao-china pushed eastward the remaining one hundred and twenty-five miles to Coronation Gulf. Out of an original team of ten dogs, only three remained. Often the two men had to don harness and help the dogs over heavy

places. They climbed high cliffs in the teeth of biting blizzards and overcame obstacles which, to the ordinary man, would have seemed impossible barriers. But Girling, who was a young man of only twenty-six years of age, was eager to make known the Gospel of God's love to these "Other Sheep," of whose existence no one seems to have known anything until Stefansson discovered them.

Girling refers to that October Sunday in 1916 as "*the one great day*" of his life. After the long arduous journey, he saw in the distance the tepee-shaped skin tents of the Eskimos. At last the long-sought people were before him. The customary signs of friendly intention in the north, when approaching, are as follows: a hunting knife is held horizontally between the hands, at arm's length above the head; then the knees are bent forward until a sitting posture is adopted; the crouching and straightening postures are repeated several times.

There was no need upon this occasion, however, for Girling to make these signs, as he reached the tents unobserved. Upon entering the native greeting "il-aga-nac-tunga" was used. Immediately the astonished Eskimos gave loud shouts of approval, and began to

extend to the missionary and his helper their warmest hospitality. They were a very primitive people, dressed completely in skins and using bows and arrows and stone implements. They knew nothing whatever of the great outside world. Girling stayed with them about two months, studying the language, holding what services he could and making arrangements to establish among them a permanent mission.

For two years Girling and his helpers made their headquarters at "Camp Necessity," as the house they had built near Clifton Point was called. Then a most unfortunate thing happened. The mission boat, *Atkoon*, was destroyed by fire. Some gasoline, which had overflowed, suddenly ignited while a candle was being lit, and the flames spread rapidly. There were two hundred and fifty gallons of oil on board. Though a terrific explosion was expected at any minute, the brave men got out what valuables they could. After Girling had forbidden anyone to go near the vessel, one of the men remembered that the missionary's language book was in the forward cabin. At great risk he dashed in and secured the book, together with other valuables which were sorely needed.

The burning of the *Atkoon* was a serious loss, but, as was characteristic of the man, Girling neither lost heart nor did he complain. On the other hand, he even found occasion for gratitude, fervently thanking God that not a life had been lost, and that they were privileged to continue to bear witness for God in that lone Arctic region.

The missionary was anxious to translate some portion of the Bible into the language of these "Blonde," or more accurately speaking, "Copper," Eskimos. But this was no easy task. One of the main differences between their language and ours is that where we use a whole sentence to convey our thoughts, they make one word suffice, building it up until it becomes very long. We say, "I am hard up for food." They say, "Iyagianaksilek." How would you like to have to use such a tongue-twisting word as "kidlagungnaiektitsungualgalloakpagma" when you simply wished to say, "Thou canst make me clean"?

Mr. Girling decided to translate St. Mark's Gospel. In this he found still more serious difficulties. As we all know, nearly all the parables have reference to agricultural life, but these poor Eskimos had never seen wheat or vegetables, or indeed any of those food-

stuffs so frequently referred to in that Gospel. How could the missionary translate the parable of "The Sower" or "The Wicked Husbandman" so that it would be intelligible when not one of these Eskimos had ever seen a seed or a garden? In translating the word "lamb" he had to use "little seal," as the people knew nothing of sheep. Good progress, however, was made. In addition to St. Mark's Gospel, several simple hymns were translated. "Jesus Loves Me," "What Can Wash Away My Sin," and "I Need Thee Every Hour," soon proved great favorites. A short catechism was also prepared, and a copy of the Lord's Prayer.

The task of providing sufficient food and wood was always a heavy one. Hunting may be a very enjoyable experience when it is just for pleasure, but when the hunt has to be taken in search for food urgently needed, it is a very different matter. Often the missionary made long and dangerous excursions, sometimes without any success. Generally he would tramp about five miles inland from the frozen ocean. Then, climbing some high hill, he would make a survey of the surrounding country with his field glasses. Perhaps some few miles away a band of deer would be

sighted. Then would begin a series of manœuvres, carried out with the greatest caution. Creeping down to the deep gullies, that he might be out of sight, he would hide behind some small hill, toward which the deer were slowly making their way, eating as they came. If the wind changed, and the deer scented danger, they would be off like a flash. If apprehending no danger, the animals came near enough, the hunter would have to make the very most of his opportunity, for with the first gun report the deer were gone. The meat which was not needed for immediate consumption was cached deep in the snow, so that when warmer weather came it would be in good condition.

The trips for driftwood were almost as bad. These journeys were generally made by night, for during the summer, such as it was, the snow melted a little during the day, making travelling difficult. Starting at midnight, a distance of probably thirty miles would be covered, and the tent pitched. During the daytime the men and the dogs would sleep. The following evening they would set out on the smooth, hard ice and gather all the driftwood they could find. Then, their sleds piled high with wood, which ensured for them

warmth during the following winter, they would make for home.

Many long journeys did the brave young missionary make, journeys which were by no means pleasure trips. In five years he travelled by sled no less than 5,249 miles. In March, 1917, with five dogs and an Eskimo boy, he set out to visit Fort MacPherson. This journey, which took five weeks, covered a distance of eight hundred miles. As the path was through an uninhabited land, Girling was dependent entirely for direction upon his charts, compass, the sun and prayer. The Eskimo boy who accompanied him, when he saw, as they travelled south, the tall, standing spruce trees, was much excited, for he had never seen trees before. Later, when Fort MacPherson was reached, and he saw a two-storied house, he was amazed at what he called "one house built on top of another."

For nearly forty years brave, self-sacrificing men and women have given themselves without stint to make known the Gospel of God's love among the Eskimos of the MacKenzie Delta region. The work at Coronation Gulf, with which Girling's name is specially associated, is the latest development of that work. When the missionaries first went to

that Far North the natives were poor, indolent and vicious. Thieving, lying and even murder were of common occurrence. When a whale ship arrived bringing liquor, fearful drunken orgies, too horrible for description, took place. At that time the remonstrance of the missionary, Mr. Whittaker, nearly cost him his life. A man aimed a blow at him with an axe. He was able, however, quickly to dodge it and the axe sank deep in the panel of the door.

Some years later Girling visited there and found the whole community so changed that he could scarcely believe that they were the same people. The captain of a vessel testified that the character of the Eskimos had been so changed that "their own mothers would not know them." Stefansson, the explorer, a keen critic of missionary work, gave a striking testimony to their Christian fidelity when he said that he had tried hard to induce some of the Eskimos to break the Sabbath, but had failed.

In April, 1919, Girling left the North to pay a short visit to his home in England, which he had not seen for ten years. He returned to Canada in order to take part in the Forward Movement, but his work was done. On Thursday evening, April 12th, 1920, the

call came, and our hero of the Far North entered into the presence of the Master he had served so well.

Shortly after his death the following lines were found in the pages of his dictionary:

“ Each man is immortal till his work is done,  
Therefore be thou busy till the set of sun;  
Heed not thou the heartache, or the throb of pain,  
God Himself will give thee sunshine after rain.

“ Think not of to-morrow as a source of care;  
When to-morrow cometh God will still be there.  
Thou art His possession, therefore He will be  
All that thou art needing, everything to thee.”

The news of Girling's death thrilled many hearts throughout Canada. A young man, Mr. W. A. Geddes, who had heard Girling tell the story of his work, volunteered to take his place. He and his closest friend, Percy V. Smith, who is joining him as his associate, will carry on in the same service to which Girling gave his life.

## V

### Lighting Up West Africa

WALTER T. CURRIE

**T**HINK of a minister standing up to preach while piled up in his pulpit beside his Bible were all his pots, pans and dishes. That was what Robert Moffat, one of the earliest missionaries to Africa, had to do. The natives, whom he sought to benefit, stole his sheep at night, carried off his crops, turned aside the water which he had brought from the river to irrigate his fields, and stole any tool which he might leave lying round even for a minute.

Moffat went to Africa in 1817, and, for nearly 50 years, lived among the Kaffirs in Bechuanaland. When he first went out he could find no one to teach him the native language, so for months he lived hunting, eating, and even sleeping with the natives, until he learned their language well enough to preach to them. He had to be carpenter, blacksmith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller

and baker. Thus he worked for eleven years before any of the natives became Christians. Yet he was supremely happy, for he believed it was the Master's work. He wrote home to his friends: "I am happy, though my home is a single room with mud walls and mud floor."

Inspired by Moffat's splendid example many other brave missionaries went to Africa. Foremost among these was David Livingstone, who decided to devote his life to the Dark Continent after hearing Moffat tell of having seen sometimes in that land, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been.

Livingstone's life and work, in turn, led a Toronto boy, Walter T. Currie, to give his life to Africa where, after having completed his college training in Montreal, he became the pioneer missionary of the Canada Congregational Missionary Society.

We think that here in Canada we have a great country, a land of magnificent distances, but listen to what Dan Crawford, the brilliant author of "Thinking Black," says: "I want to tell you that Africa is far, far bigger than you think. Give me the whole of India and in it goes. Now, the whole of China, and in it goes also. Plus India and China, give me

Australia, and in the three go easily and there is still room for more."

The area of this vast continent is over three times as large as our own beloved Canada, and has a population variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions. If they joined hands they would encircle the globe five times. There are found among them no less than 700 distinct tribes, and at least 523 different languages are spoken. In Canada we have one ordained minister for every 650 people; in Africa there is one missionary for every 75,000 people. Although it is two thousand years since the Master commissioned His people to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, more than half of Africa's millions know little or nothing of Jesus Christ.

It was such facts as these that led the Congregational Missionary Society to send Mr. and Mrs. Currie to West Central Africa. They arrived at Benguela, on the West Coast, on June 4th, 1886, and moved inland to Bailundu, a distance of only one hundred and fifty miles, but taking fifteen days to go. Here Mrs. Currie died on September 24th of the same year, having little more than seen the

land in which she longed so much to serve the Master.

Mr. Currie stayed at Bailundu long enough to learn the language, and then decided to open a new station. Chisamba was chosen, the centre of a thickly populated district, 300 miles in from the West Coast, and a place from which over 20,000 natives could readily be reached. A piece of land was bought from King Kopoko and to Chisamba Currie moved all his goods in 1888.

The natives could not understand why the white man had come. He did not buy their ivory, he would not sell rum, nor drink their beer, nor marry their women. For three years, all alone, he lived among these people, breaking down their prejudices, tending their sick, telling them as best he could in their own strange tongue, the story of the Cross, building a house, starting a farm, and laying the foundations for a Christian community. How well he did this has been enthusiastically testified to by those who have followed him.

Among the many evils which Currie had to face and fight was the terrible slave trade which was carried on so extensively. Writing to Canada in 1898, he said: "Not for five years has there been such a rush for slaves.

Large caravans have gone into districts of the Congo Free State and bought or sold hundreds of slaves. Many of the poor wretches fell by the way from hunger and exhaustion. Some, unable to go further, were killed with their master's hatchet, or shot through the back or had their throats cut. Others were hamstrung and left to die of hunger or to be torn by the wild beasts. Many of the slaves are girls and women."

Cruel and selfish men stole into native huts, sometimes at midnight, and stole very young children from their mothers. These children were sold as slaves and frequently treated most cruelly. Of all the many evils which the missionary had to meet this trade in human beings was to him the worst.

With the natives, the currency of the country, instead of being gold, silver, and copper, was cloth, rubber and salt. Every caravan had to be supplied with these things if purchases were to be made on the road. The rubber was in strips, about six inches long and two wide, each strip being made of ten little balls of rubber stuck side by side, five long and two wide, and called a "ten of rubber." This strip is equal to about ten cents in Canadian currency. The salt, which is a much

used article and of a coarse quality, is valued at ten cents a teacupful, while a tablespoonful will buy a hen's egg.

The roads through the country are in reality only footpaths. Excepting riding on oxback and walking, the only means of travel then was "the tipoia." The tipoia is a hammock swung on a pole, attached to which is an awning to protect the occupant from the sun and rain, and is carried by men, one at either end. All baggage was transported from place to place on the backs of carriers, who possess wonderful powers of endurance. The only meal of the day eaten by these men is at the close of the day's march. Instead of boots, they wear thin leather sandals which protect their feet from the hot, sandy paths.

Around the mission station at Chisamba were to be found leopards, hyenas, and not far away lions and monkeys. On one occasion, at least, some of these dangerous intruders visited the compound during the night, killing several of the pigs. What would you think of armies of locusts, such as Mr. Currie describes, which took ten days to pass, the constant roar of their flight reminding him of the roar of the water over Niagara Falls?

These locusts are very destructive and make short work of everything that is growing.

After several years of heroic and devoted service, Mr. Currie decided to organize the natives whom he had won for Christ into a church. Twelve members were received. Ngulu, who had shown special gifts, was appointed native pastor. Just look at the names of the church officials who were appointed: Mhembeli, Salusuva, Muenekanye, Chipilike and Lumbo and Kumba, the former of the last two names meaning "fence" and the latter "the roaring of a lion." The duties assigned to these officials were interesting. They were to see that the Sunday flag was hoisted, to usher the people to their seats in the church, to visit and pray with the sick, to counsel the erring and to help in conducting meetings. The story of some of the men won by Mr. Currie will tell best the wonderful work he did.

When Ngulu, already mentioned as the native pastor, first became a Christian he was very slow to learn; indeed, he seemed capable of little except cutting wood and drawing water. But soon his mind as well as his heart seemed to open up, and before long he became a recognized and trusted leader among the

natives, relieving the missionaries of many cares by his wise judgment and tactful counsel.

The case of Ngulu convinced Mr. Currie of the wisdom of training and using native helpers as largely as possible. He accordingly formed them into evangelistic bands, and sent them out, two by two, through the heathen villages around Chisamba. These native preachers did splendid work, and in this way several thousand people were reached each week.

Once, a war having broken out among the different tribes, a council of the chiefs was called to decide what action should be taken. Mr. Currie, who was recognized as a friend and councillor, was summoned to give his advice. These chiefs were all powerful men. There was one in particular, however, who impressed Mr. Currie as being an exceptionally strong character. This man's name was Kanjundu of Chiyuka.

Kanjundu was known throughout all the surrounding country for his sternness and cruelty. He kept in his home a huge hippopotamus hide whip with cruel rings on the lash. When a missionary asked him why he kept it, Kanjundu said: "That is what I use

to flog my slaves with. If one displeases me, I tie him to the limb of a tree by his wrists and then give him a good flogging. I sometimes leave him overnight in that position and in the morning flog him again."

Cruel though he was, Kanjundu was much impressed by the life and teaching of the missionaries. One day he found his nephew, Wanza, a lad of twelve, reading the Bible to some other boys and praying with them. There and then he decided that he, too, would learn to read, and immediately began to attend Mrs. Currie's class for young men. Although much older than the other pupils, he made rapid progress.

One day he astonished Mr. Currie by offering to build a school at Chiyuka. So much in earnest was he about it that he himself made all the nails for the building. When, after much hard work, the school was finished, he immediately set to work and built a house for the use of the teachers.

After long and anxious thought, Kanjundu decided to become a follower of Christ. This to him meant a very great deal. Nineteen of his twenty wives he sent away, after having made satisfactory provision for them. His one hundred slaves were all given their free-

dom. He tore down his idol houses, swept away the witch doctors and medicine men, and put a stop to a great many bad practices. The making and drinking of strong beer was forbidden, and work in his fields on Sundays stopped.

From being a cruel chief who delighted to punish his slaves in an almost inhuman manner, Kanjundu became a splendid Christian. Schools were started, and everyone, from the youngest to the oldest, was ordered to attend. When his servants made long journeys into the interior where there was much rum to be had, he gave them plentiful supplies of coffee and sugar so that they would not be tempted to get drunk.

Some of the slave traders, enraged with Kanjundu because he had prohibited the sale of rum in his territory, through a carefully laid plot, had him arrested and confined in prison at the Coast on a charge of which he was entirely innocent.

Just think of it! This noble man, whose life had become a blessing to so many, in prison for more than a year with murderers, thieves and other evil characters! Yet throughout it all, he manifested the spirit of Christ. He was gentle, calm and dignified.

Even the gaoler was so impressed that, when he found it necessary to go away, he left the keys of the prison with Kanjundu.

When at last he was honorably acquitted, it was a day of great rejoicing at Chisamba. Bells were rung for half an hour. Kanjundu's ex-slaves literally rolled in the dust at his feet. Many came from distant villages and a great meeting for praise and thanksgiving was held. Throughout it all the chief bore himself very humbly, and simply said: "Christ has called me to life again. God has brought about my liberty."

The story of Kanjundu is simply one of many. The gospel, first taken to Chisamba by Dr. Currie, has been the means of changing hundreds of heathen men into strong Christ-like characters. Now in place of the one little thatched hut, which was Dr. Currie's first building at Chisamba, there is a Christian village with a population of between three and four hundred, a boys' boarding school, girls' boarding school, day schools, a hospital, and a "Temple," seating about 1,000 people, built wholly by the natives and at their own cost. Connected with Chisamba are over forty out-station schools in as many out-villages.

Some sixty miles away at Dondi is the

"Currie Institute," built in memory of our hero of West Central Africa. Here about one hundred young men are being trained for Christian leadership among their people, while plans are under way to provide soon for six hundred students.

Dr. Currie's investment of his life for Africa is already bringing in splendid returns, and this is only the beginning, for with every year the returns grow larger, "some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred-fold."

## VI

### A Ten Thousand Dollar Salary or a Million Dollar Job

DAVIDSON MACDONALD

**I**N the fall of 1873 a young Canadian doctor stood on the deck of a steamer crossing the Pacific on its way to Japan. He was a native of Ontario, just twenty-five years of age, and had already demonstrated that he possessed unusual ability and would make his way in the world. He was a graduate both in Medicine and Theology, and had definitely made up his mind to become a missionary in Japan.

On the same steamer was a wealthy man, who was much interested in a rising mining town in the West. During the voyage the two were thrown together a good deal. So favorably impressed was the Western man with the young doctor that he offered him a post as a physician and surgeon in the mining town at a salary of *ten thousand dollars a year*, if the latter would abandon his idea of becoming a missionary.

Young MacDonald did not hesitate a moment. Very vividly his mind went back to a little school-house in Prince Edward County. He saw again the earnest face of the preacher, Rev. Arthur Browning, and he remembered how, in response to the appeal, he had given himself to become a disciple of Jesus. From that decision he had never swerved. He had heard the call to Japan, and ten thousand dollars a year, or ten times that amount, made no difference to Davidson MacDonald.

As early as the Sixteenth Century the gospel was carried to Japan, but long and bitter persecution followed. A great many Christians were massacred, and for many years Japan was tightly closed to foreigners. In 1858 the ban was lifted and immediately missionary work was renewed.

One of the first things shown to the young Canadian doctor, after his arrival in the country, was a notice board, on which was written a decree of the Japanese Government prohibiting Christianity. Of course this board and many others like it had been taken down, but it showed just how bitter had been the feeling against the Christian religion. The following was the decree:

## ORDER

Hitherto the Christian religion has been forbidden, and the order must be strictly kept. The corrupt religion is strictly forbidden.

Done in the third month of the fourth year of Kyo (March, 1868).

By order of the Inugami Prefecture.

Another edict read:

"The evil sect called Christianity is strictly prohibited. Suspected persons should be reported to the proper persons and rewards will be given."

These edicts showed that, although for commercial reasons the country was opened to foreigners, the officials, at least, were bitterly opposed to Christianity.

Dr. MacDonald lost no time in getting down to hard work. He was appointed teacher of English in the Normal School at Shidzuoka. He and Mrs. MacDonald set out for the city which, for some time at least, was to be the scene of their labors. Mrs. MacDonald was carried in a Japanese palanquin by four bearers, accompanied by a guard carrying a naked sword. In this she was securely screened from the gaze of the passers-by, but was obliged to sit, Japanese fashion, on her feet for the journey of over a hundred miles, which occupied two days. It was thus that

the first Canadian missionary and his wife found their way over the Hakoni Ridge into the beautiful vale in which lies Shidzuoka.

Naturally the missionary found the ways of the Japanese people quite strange and it took him, as it does all missionaries, quite a while to get used to them. The houses are quite small, one or two storeys high, and are made of wood. All around the house runs a narrow platform, about two feet from the ground, while the roof, made of tile or thatch, extends out about three feet to protect the house from the weather. There are no foundations in the ground, the house resting on stones standing wholly on the surface.

The sides of these queer little houses are nothing but sliding lattice-work, generally covered with rice paper, which lets in the light. At night, and in rainy weather, these are protected by sliding wooden shutters called "amados," the word "amado" meaning "a rain door." In the morning, the first thing the Japanese do is to roll back the outer shutters and put them in a little closet at the end of the porch. In a few minutes the whole house is open to the street. There are no big heavy doors as we have. Instead of knocking the visitor stands in front of the house and

shouts, "O-ta-no-mo-shi-ma-su," which means "I call."

When Dr. MacDonald first went to Japan there were no windows with glass in them. Some years later, when the first railway trains with glass windows were run, a great many of the passengers, not knowing or forgetting about the glass, pushed their heads through the windows, something which was good neither for their heads nor for the railway company.

The rooms in these queer Japanese houses seem very bare and plain to a Canadian. They have no furniture such as we have and no ornaments on the walls. They do have, however, vases with flowers in them, for they are passionately fond of the beautiful. There are no stoves. For heating purposes they use small boxes containing live charcoal in a bed of wood-ash.

Unlike our Canadian homes, the floors are not covered with rugs or carpets but with beautiful thickly-padded mats, called "ta-ta-mi," kept so spotlessly clean that the Japanese never wear shoes in the house but take them off and leave them at the door. These mats are all made the same size—six feet long, three feet wide and two inches thick—and

they fit so closely together that the floor cannot be seen.

The Japanese are accustomed to tell the size of a house by the number of mats it contains. For instance, if you were to ask a Japanese how large a certain room was, he would say: "It is a four-mat room" or a "six-mat room," according to the number of mats it contained. One of the rooms in the Emperor's Palace at Tokyo is called "The Hall of a Thousand Mats." Estimate how large the room is and how much matting a yard wide it would take to cover it.

At meal time, everybody sits on the floor, and tiny tables, not more than six inches high, are brought in, one for each person. There are no knives or forks, but instead, a pair of chop-sticks about eight inches long and a quarter of an inch thick. The Japanese cannot understand how we can use such dangerous things as knives and forks. The first time they saw anybody eating with them they cried: "Look at those foreigners. They are cutting their food with daggers and eating it with pitchforks." Both in regard to the food they eat, however, and many other customs, the Japanese have changed much during recent years.

Dr. MacDonald divided his work as follows: In the morning he taught in the Normal School for five hours; in the afternoon he received patients or visited them in their homes; in the evening he devoted himself to the very difficult task of mastering the language.

He was a born physician and perhaps it was as such, more than in any other way, he was enabled to show the spirit of Christ. Both to the foreigners living in the city and to the native Japanese he soon became a minister of mercy. By his quiet manner and strong, pure personality he gained the confidence of all. Frequently at the hour of midnight, he would respond to a call from some poor person in a hovel where there was not even a candle to give light. With Japanese politeness, he would leave his shoes at the door, creep in through the dark, examine the poor sufferer, administer relief, and return home from his errand of mercy.

Soon the demands on his time and strength for medical service became so great that his teaching and other work in which he was engaged had to suffer. Strange though it may seem, the Church at home in Canada questioned the wisdom of his giving so much time to his medical work. He decided to do

less in this regard and devote more time to direct evangelistic service. One night a man came with the request for him to visit his sick child. With other work calling him, Dr. MacDonald declined to go. A few days later the man met him and, with tears in his eyes, said: "My child died because you did not come to save her." That decided him. Never again did he hold his medical work as secondary to any other kind of missionary service.

After five years of such devoted and incessant toil Dr. MacDonald returned to Canada for a brief furlough. Most of the time he spent pursuing medical studies that he might return better equipped to render assistance to the many who needed him.

After returning to Japan, he was removed from Shidzuoka to Tokyo. Soon his services were eagerly sought by all classes. The American, British, French, Spanish and Austrian Legations, all consulted him. The missionaries of all denominations looked to him when in need. Even the poorest Japanese came soliciting his help. To all he generously and unstintingly responded.

The fees which came to him were such as would have made him a rich man. Every dollar he received, however, for such services

went to further the mission work. From the poor he refused to take any payment whatever. Both in Shidzuoka and in Tokyo he won the hearts of all. High and low, rich and poor, loved him. It is little wonder that through him many of the Japanese came to know God. Not only did the gaining of the confidence of the people help him in his own work, it benefited all the missionaries in the influence it had in helping to break down prejudice against the foreigner and his religion.

All kinds of impossible stories of missionaries and mission work had been circulated in Japan, and in the minds of the people there were the strangest misconceptions of Christianity. The Government was openly opposed to it, and some classes of the people went so far as to assume such a menacing attitude that neither life nor property were safe. This suspicion and distrust, hostility and hatred the missionaries had to live down and prove by their lives of service that the rumors were false and that the message they brought was true.

During those days of anti-foreign feeling our Canadian hero in Japan was a tower of strength to the missionary cause. Like his

Master he went about doing good. Even the most fanatical person could not fail to understand the kindness and sympathy of the doctor, and, in spite of the prejudice that had been aroused, acknowledged the reality of the faith he lived and taught.

For more than twenty years Dr. MacDonald was the administrative head of the Canadian Methodist Mission in Japan. The passing years revealed more and more the true strength and value of his work. No human influence did more to build up the living, active, self-sacrificing spirit of the native Christians. He died in 1905, but he lives today in the lives of hundreds of the Japanese who through him were won for the Master. Did he make a wise choice when he chose to be a medical missionary in Japan rather than a salary of ten thousand dollars a year?

## VII

### The Beloved Don Carlos of Bolivia

CHARLES NELSON MITCHELL

**I**N the early spring of 1900 a young Canadian missionary and his wife arrived at La Paz, in Bolivia, there to commence work in what was, and still is, one of the hardest mission fields. This brave young missionary was Charles Nelson Mitchell, who had been sent to South America by the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell went to Bolivia, they did not travel, as is now possible, by the beautiful, river-like Panama Canal, with its stately homes and lovely towns, which make the canal almost a fairyland of scenery. Instead, they crossed the isthmus in a shabby little, old train, very slow and horribly uncomfortable. For days they were literally tortured by innumerable mosquitoes. Yellow fever raged everywhere. They passed through a tropical jungle, where only here and there a hut was seen, with sprawling, half-dressed negroes and naked children lying under the hot sun.

They went south and landed at Mollendo, in Peru. It was too rough for the vessel to make a landing, so the passengers had to be taken ashore one by one, in a barrel, which was swung along a stout rope. This was a new experience for the Canadians, and not altogether a pleasant one, as the barrel moved along between the rocks and billows to the Peruvian shore. However, they were finally landed safe and sound. Then the dinky little train again and the stage-coach. They crossed mountains over twelve thousand feet high, and, at last, after nearly two months' strenuous travelling, arrived at the scene of their labors. Six months were spent at La Paz studying the Spanish language, after which they moved to Cochabamba, there to open a new mission station.

On their trip from La Paz to Cochabamba they passed through the heart of the Andes in a funny old stage-coach drawn by eight mules. These animals were kept at full gallop up and down the mountain sides, sometimes only a foot or so from the edge of the precipice. The chasms yawned below, hundreds of feet in depth, giving the passengers a sensation of no little uneasiness. Often they felt that the end had surely come and

that nothing could prevent the wheels from going over the sides. The driver, however, did not seem to share their fears, for he brandished his long whip, while a barefoot boy, quite unconcerned, ran alongside the coach, urging on the lazy mules. The lad's pockets were full of stones, which, from time to time, he would use, with the head of the largest mule as his target. The accuracy of his throws convinced the passengers that the lad had the makings of a first-class baseball pitcher. When there were deep and dangerous rivers to be crossed, the boy would climb the back of one of the mules, while the animals, half running and half swimming, would drag the coach, part full of water, across the river.

The nights were almost as bad as the days, for then the passengers alighted and slept in mud huts, on adobe beds, which were infested with all manner of vermin, and under which the chickens, the cats and the dogs all passed the night. Such conditions hardly made for restful slumber. The native Bolivians, however, did not seem to mind the "little disturbance," which might naturally be expected from a number of such animals under one's bed.

In starting his work the missionary found himself face to face with a proposition which would have taken the heart out of any but a brave man. Of education there was little or none; the moral condition of the people was appalling. To make matters worse, the Roman Catholicism of the people made them fanatically opposed to any other form of religion. They were under the domination of priests, who were in most cases ignorant and unscrupulous, and who did not hesitate to circulate all manner of lies in order to arouse prejudice against the missionaries.

There were three hundred and sixty-five feast days in the year. Every day was the anniversary of some saint's birth, in whose honor some group got drunk and for several days feasted and danced. These drunken and disgraceful orgies were carried on with the approval of the priests, while the people regarded such conduct as a very real part of their religion. At that time there was no freedom of worship in Bolivia. Strict laws forbade the holding of services other than those of the Roman Catholic Church. A number of missionaries from other countries had gone to Bolivia previous to the opening of work by the Canadian Baptist Board, but

most of these, after seeing the tremendous difficulties, had left, convinced that it was waste of money and effort to undertake such work until conditions changed.

Mr. Mitchell remained in Bolivia for ten years before taking his first furlough in 1910. During a good part of that time he was the only Protestant missionary in Bolivia, the other missionaries of his own staff having resigned or being on furlough. He was alone, for ill-health had compelled his wife to return to Canada in 1905. Like a soldier standing guard at some unusually dangerous post, he raised the standard of Christ, amid the sin and superstition of a people who had the form and symbols of Christianity, but no idea of its real meaning.

At Cochabamba he opened a school, and at the same time held meetings in his own house. His keen insight into the Bolivian character and his knowledge of the bitterness and fanatical opposition of the priests led him to exercise the greatest tact. The numbers attending these gospel services soon grew. Several were converted, and a Christian cause established. An unfortunate incident, however, very nearly undid all his work.

A missionary arrived from the Argentine,

where freedom of worship was enjoyed. This missionary, very unwisely, openly attacked the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Immediately a mob of Indians, incited by the priests, attacked the man's house with large stones, and quickly made a bonfire of his belongings. They knocked him down, dragged him about, and no doubt would have killed him had not the police arrived and rescued him. The man was notified by the Government that he had better leave the country, and very wisely did so.

This unfortunate occurrence made Mr. Mitchell's task in Cochabamba more difficult. His school attendance diminished and he himself was openly threatened. For a time it was hardly safe for him to walk the streets. Stones and vile epithets were hurled at him. Frequently natives amused themselves by setting their dogs on him. But Charles Mitchell was never known to flinch. He was a man of resolute courage, and he resolved, by God's help, he would remain and yet win those people. With his stout cane in one hand and his Bible or some tracts in the other, he fearlessly walked the streets, and, strange to say, never once received bodily injury.

Courage is infectious. When the native

Christian with the splendid heroism of their missionary, they caught his spirit. One of these, a boy, though beaten by his father every time he attended the meetings, remained firm, gladly suffering the beating rather than give up his religion. Another, a young man, was furiously attacked on the street by a fanatic with a sharp chisel and nearly killed. Other members, who carried on business, found themselves, mainly through the efforts of the priests, boycotted. Instead of crushing the work, however, this really strengthened it. The people of the city came to realize that there was something about this religion which made its followers both good in character and strong to endure persecution.

Many false stories were circulated about the missionary and about his message. Gradually, however, the people awakened to the fact that he had been misrepresented. They found him honest and straightforward, sympathetic where there was suffering, and always willing to help whenever possible. Then they could not but see the change in those who had become Christians. Thus the transformed characters and faithful lives of the Christians, and the sincerity and self-

sacrificing service of the missionary gradually broke down the opposition, and open persecution at least almost ceased.

From Cochabamba Mr. Mitchell was transferred to Oruro, where, with the exception of the time spent on a furlough in the home land, he labored until his death in 1917.

The passing of Don Carlos, as he was affectionately called, created a profound impression, for he had come to be loved by all. Bolivians, Indians, Austrians, English, Germans and many others attended his funeral and vied in showing respect to his memory. His body rests in Bolivian soil, but he will long live in the hearts of many in that land who, through him, heard of the living Lord, and in the work of the Mission, for the sake of which he gladly laid down his life.

If heroism and greatness are to be found in the man of ordinary gifts, choosing what he considers the place of greatest need, and then with a devotion and a service that flinches not in the face of any opposition or sacrifice, gives himself absolutely to meeting that need, then among the great and heroic is the beloved Don Carlos of Bolivia.

## VIII

### A Trail Ranger in Korea

WILLIAM JOHN MCKENZIE

**A**T thirteen years of age William John McKenzie was so tall and well developed he looked like a full-grown man. His giant strength had gained for him peculiar honors among his companions and had made him the hero of many battles.

Having finished the course which the little country school could give, he began, at that early age, the work of teaching, near his own home on the lovely West Bay of Bras d'Or Lake in Cape Breton. The people of the countryside, however, knowing not only his youth but his intense love of fun, were somewhat cautious about sending their children to him, and for a whole week he had only one pupil. Others, however, began to come and at the end of six months the room was crowded to overflowing, many of the scholars being older than their teacher.

At nineteen we find him in the Academy at

Pictou, and later at Halifax, where he graduated in both Arts and Theology. At college, no less than at home, he was a famed athlete, excelling in Highland sports and possessed of an irresistible wit. When the students of the college decided to send a missionary to the Labrador coast, a work that called for special courage, resourcefulness and devotion, McKenzie was the man they chose. He responded, and for eighteen months lived and preached the Gospel in every little bay and inlet up and down that bleak shore.

In 1893, when he was just twenty-eight years of age, McKenzie decided to give his life to making known the Gospel in Korea. He sailed from Vancouver and, fifteen days later, arrived at Yokohama. Here his great size caused no little amusement to the jinrickshaw men, who compared him to their monster image of Buddha, and asked an extra price for carrying him in their jinrickshaws. After spending a few days there, he sailed for Korea, where he landed December 12th, 1893.

Several months were spent in Seoul, learning all he could about the Korean people and their language. Whenever an opportunity presented itself he entered into conversation

with the Koreans, although, at first, he was, of course, unable to make himself understood. Often a night was spent in a native inn, that he might sample Korean food and become accustomed to it. He was determined to thoroughly understand the Korean people, that he might the better make known to them the riches of the Gospel of Christ.

In company with a fellow-missionary, a trip was made to the ancient city of Pyong Yang in the north. To his companion the incidents of the journey were familiar, but to McKenzie they were full of fresh interest. Nearly two weeks were occupied on the journey. Shortly after leaving Seoul they noticed blood on the road and other traces which showed that some poor traveller had been robbed and brutally treated. This so terrified the Koreans who were with the missionaries that it was only through much persuasion they were induced to proceed. They soon came up with the wounded traveller, and, like the Good Samaritan, dressed his wounds, telling him at the same time what to him was new, the story of the Great Physician.

The nights were passed in native inns of typical Korean style—mud walls, mud roof and mud floor, with round sticks for supports.

Paper windows, with numerous holes, let in the light, and straw mats constituted the furniture. They were kept warm by the well-heated floors, through which, however, the smoke came up into the room. Naturally, the natives were very curious and crowded round to see the foreigners.

Pyong Yang, with a population of one hundred thousand, which was their destination on this trip, was a very ancient city. Here was the well of Kya, dug by one of their kings eleven hundred years before Christ. The people were proud of two things—the great age of their city and its terrible wickedness. A Christian cause had been established there some time before this, but the converts had suffered bitter persecution and had received little or no protection from the authorities. They were frequently stoned and almost murdered, even the youngest not being spared. This treatment, however, instead of terrifying, only served to strengthen them. They rejoiced in the honor of being considered worthy to suffer for the cause of Christ. A boy eighteen years of age, who had been attending the services, was seized and severely beaten. When asked by the missionary if he felt like giving up his faith, he

replied, while a smile lighted up his countenance: "I cannot give up serving my King, even if they kill me."

In the village of Sorai, many days' journey from Pyong Yang, there lived a native convert, named Mr. Saw, whose conversion and subsequent earnest efforts to win others had made him well known in the northern province of Korea. This fact led McKenzie to decide to visit this village and, if possible, make it the centre of his work.

Accompanied only by his teacher and a coolie, he set out. The inevitable dispute having arisen with the coolie as to the wage that should be paid him, it was settled by McKenzie and the teacher carrying the cash, which formed a heavy part of their load. Although the entire amount was only twenty-five dollars, as it required thirty-five hundred Korean coins to make one dollar, even that amount of money meant some burden.

The journey to Sorai was a long, wearisome one. At one place he lunched on pig's feet, sprouted beans, and fermented water of wheat husks. At another stopping place the dainty fare was a meal of "buckwheat stirrings."

The first man to greet him on his arrival

was Mr. Saw, who offered him the hospitality of a house, which had a thatched roof and glass windows. This little Christian home and the fellowship of this earnest native convert brought much joy to the heart of our missionary.

On the following Sabbath, fifteen persons gathered for Christian worship in Mr. Saw's home, and to them McKenzie spoke, his teacher acting as interpreter. Though the little group did not know it, that was an epoch-making day, for it marked the beginning of a work that was to extend hundreds of miles to the east, where other missionaries from Canada would follow in McKenzie's steps and reap rich harvests.

Then followed two years of service, unusual in character and marked by a sacrifice of self that has rarely been surpassed. Every faculty he possessed was made to serve. The medical knowledge he had acquired in preparation for his missionary labors helped him, not only in giving relief to the people in their sicknesses, but also in doing much to break down the terrible system of superstition under which they lived. The demon-spirits, who were regarded as the authors of all sick-

ness and disaster, they numbered by *thousands of billions*, and these they believed filled every imaginable space and lurked in every nook and corner. The plight of the poor Korean, whose main business was, in some way, to escape their fateful spell, was deplorable. The sum that was expended annually in Korea upon those who claimed to have the power to break these spells was estimated at two million five hundred thousand dollars.

Certainly if it be true, as someone has said, that a man is rich according to the number of things he can do without, then McKenzie was a wealthy man. He was isolated from the English tongue. The only way he could receive or send mail was through merchants who might be going down to Seoul, or through some chance traveller.

In his great desire to get near the natives he adopted Korean clothes with the exception of the grotesque looking hat, and, finding that it won him favor, he continued their use. The children, when they saw him in native attire, seemed to lose all fear of him, and as he loved young people, this was to him a great joy. For the same reason he determined to use only Korean food. Very soon he became

the hero of the village. The people of Sorai boasted far and wide of the tall, handsome stranger who lived among them and preached the "Jesus doctrine." In trials of strength he had proven himself, in reality as well as in appearance, a giant, and his fame as a hunter became uncomfortably great, for he found that he was expected to kill any and all tigers that might visit the community.

To mark the little Christian church off from the heathen shrines, and also to distinguish the Sabbath, McKenzie conceived the happy idea of raising a Christian flag. The raising of this flag for the first time was a red-letter day for the native Christians. Led by the missionary, they cut the long pole among the trees some distance away; then they dug the hole and held the ropes, and as the flag rose the entire congregation sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." To-day the white flag with St. George's Cross upon it has become as universal among the Christian churches of Korea as the church bells of our own land.

The building of the church at Sorai was an occasion of much interest and rejoicing. It was built by the villagers, at their own expense, on a site that one year before had

been used for demon worship. Everywhere people were interested, and many were the invitations the missionary and his helpers had to preach the "Jesus doctrine" in the surrounding villages.

During the trying months of the war the marvellous influence and heroism of McKenzie was strikingly shown. On three occasions the Tong Haks set out for Sorai to plunder the village and take McKenzie's life, and each time something intercepted them. At last they said: "We cannot fight against McKenzie, for his Jehovah God is stronger than our gods." In all that district, Sorai was the only village left untouched during the war.

Thus as preacher, teacher, doctor, friend and helper to all, McKenzie labored for two years. But his giant frame gave way, and on June 24th, 1895, his earthly service closed.

When the news of his death reached Nova Scotia, three young men, Foote, Grierson and MacRae, at once volunteered, and demanded that they be sent to Korea. To-day, about fifty men and women from Canada are carrying on the work that McKenzie began in the "Land of the Morning Calm."

Thirty-five years ago there were no Chris-

tians in Korea; to-day upwards of half a million are either Christian or inquirers after the way of life. Three thousand congregations and groups of Christians meet every Lord's Day to worship God, and four hundred Protestant missionaries, representing seven Churches of the United States, England, Australia and Canada, are having the joy of helping to develop one of the most earnest, missionary-spirited Churches in all the world.

